

About Plays and Players

By BIDE DUDLEY

DICK LITTLE, the long, lean and lanky Chicago dramatic critic, formerly on the Herald, now doing Y. M. C. A. work abroad, arrived in New York yesterday on a special mission. At the Hotel Astor last night he spoke of things theatrical in France, that is, relative to the entertainment of the American soldiers.

"The boys want just what the majority of people here want in the way of entertainment," he said. "They want the popular stuff and the jazz. There is no market for high-brow entertainment over there. Eddie Janie came over and made the hit of her life. She didn't attempt to play Shakespeare; she sang ump-pa-pa songs and danced. The boys went wild over her. The Y. M. C. A. is beginning to realize that the soldiers do not want the classical stuff and from now on you'll likely see more of the ragtime entertainers going over. We have college professors appearing before the boys, and they listen respectfully to them. But let some performer sing a new popular song and tell some good stories and the boys go wild."

Mr. Little will sail for France again in about a week. He intends to take along all the latest popular music he can get.

OUR MISTAKE.

We feared it. We racked our brain to prevent it, but it happened just the same. As a result we've made a frightful mistake, dear reader. The press agent told us Raymond Hitchcock was the only star playing in the Broadway district. So far as we could remember he was. So we printed the fact. We were wrong and we admit it in wash-cloth and sackcloth. Blanche Bates, one of the American stage's foremost stars, and Holbrook Blinn, another real star, are in "Getting Together" at the Shubert Theatre, and yet we went right ahead and said Mr. Hitchcock was the only star playing in the district. Our apologies to Mr. Blinn, Miss Bates, Mr. Bates (George Creel) and the Bates baby! And now to square ourselves forever! We think Miss Bates and Mr. Blinn are doing some wonderful acting in "Getting Together."

AS TO GEORGE CREEL.

Speaking of George Creel, who is more or less in the public eye these days, perhaps you'd like to have a close-up of this delicious column worked in the same department with Mr. Creel on the Denver Post for more than a year. Prior to that we knew him rather intimately in Kansas City. We also attended his wedding reception and did the one-step better than he did with his own bride. So you see we know him pretty well, we do. George Creel is first of all a hustler. He may be wrong once in a while, but he finds it out after he had gone through with his proposition. His energy is marvellous. Tell him to jump over Pike's Peak and before you can catch him he's jumping. More than half the time he's right, but right or wrong, he puts it through believing he's right.

Mr. Creel was called on once to write a criticism of a vaudeville show in Denver. He wrote it, incidentally stating that a certain actor was punk. The actor read the paper containing the criticism and the next day went around saying he'd like to knock the critic's head off.

Somebody, we think it was Otto Floto, heard him and told Mr. Creel. The latter left the Denver Post Building on the run and five minutes later had the actor up against the wall at the Majestic Theatre ordering him to dine on his words. The actor ate explosively.

George Creel is energetic, impulsive, sincere and gritty. If he were in France he'd probably try to capture the Kaiser single-handed. And if he ever did get near enough to Bill he'd likely give him a swift kick and insist that he say "Uncle."

"BLUE PEARL" AUG. 5.

John D. O'Hara, to have a comedy part in "The Blue Pearl," which opens at the Longacre Theatre Aug. 5. Olive May will be in the cast also.

SHE DIDN'T KNOW.

He stepped in an elevator in the Longacre Building and noticed a young woman was the pilot. "Say, lady," he said, "on what floor is D. W. Griffith?" "Alive it up," replied the girl. "Go out in the lobby and look at the bill of fare."

THEIR PLANS EXTENSIVE.

The Messrs. Shubert have issued a statement of their plans for the coming season, which is undoubtedly the most extensive ever put out by a theatrical management. Frankly, it is too long to be printed here. It may be stated, however, that nearly 100 theatrical companies will play under auspices controlled by, or affiliated with, the Messrs. Shubert, and that nearly as many theatres will be booked by them in New York and other cities.

GOSSIP.

Selwyn & Company will present "Double Exposure" at the Bijou Theatre, Aug. 26.

Elizabeth Bryce is going abroad with the Margaret Mayo unit to entertain soldiers.

Grace Field is leaving the cast of "The Kiss Burglar." She will be succeeded by Ethel Ingham.

P. Ray Comstock picked a winner in "Oh, Look." It played to almost \$14,000 in Washington last week.

Helen Ukers has been engaged as a subreine in Henry W. Savage's production of "Have a Heart."

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

A cat can look at a king but a mouse has mighty little chance to get a good steady look at a queen.

FOOLISHMENT.

A stout little fellow named Bill, after a long day's work, said to his wife: "I feel dazed."

"I never would do this thing twice."

FROM THE CHESTNUT TREE.

"Whah did you jine de army ob de look?"

"Ah jined in de Baptis' church."

"Look 'heah, man Yo' nebbeh jined de army—yo' jined de navy."

LITTLE "MARY MIXUP"



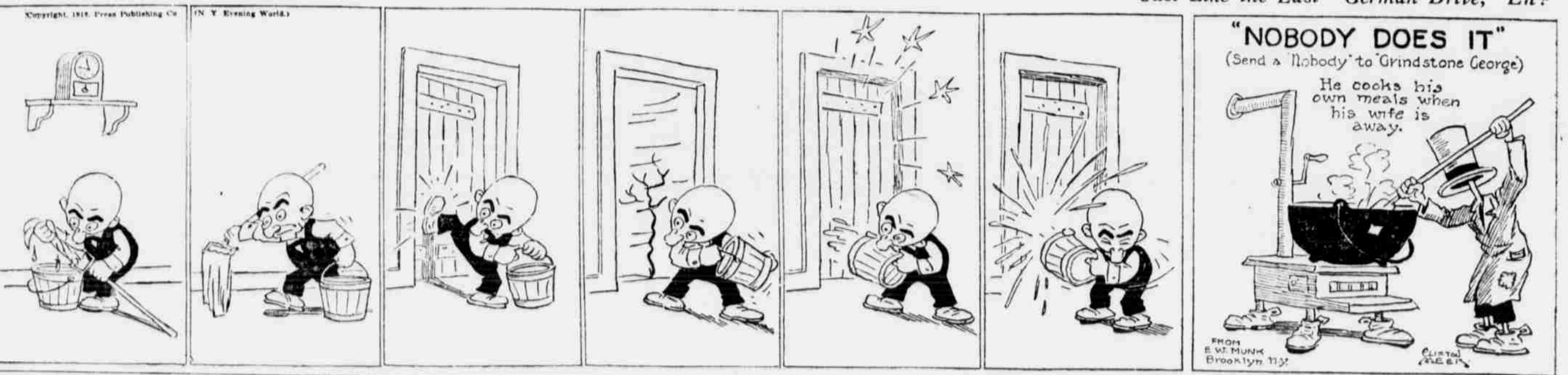
JOE'S CAR



THE BIG LITTLE FAMILY



GRINDSTONE GEORGE



SPEECHLESS.

LITTLE JACKO was ill, and the medical man had been sent for. His mother rushed up to the doctor as soon as he entered the house and started sobbing hysterically. "Calm yourself, my good woman," he said, "and tell me what is the matter with the little chap." "Oh, doctor," she wailed, "he managed to get hold of the dictionary, somehow, and chewed three pages out of it."

PENITENT BENNETT.

ANGOLD BENNETT shocked England with his new novel, "Penitence," which was compiled to do this," said a literary agent, "by his poor sales. He's been writing a lot of stuff lately that the critics praised, but the public yawned over. Now he hopes to earn some money and then, I suppose, he'll return penitently to his high brow stuff again."

SELDOM SEEN.

SOBYESKI KOURNOS, the Polish pianist, narrated at a dinner in Denver Poland's unhappy story. "In this new Austria-Germany war," said a mine owner, "which side, professor, will Poland take?"

A SAD CASE.

APHILADELPHIA and contractor in Philadelphia, who has just now a considerable amount of work in hand for the Government, visited the plant one day and discovered a number of names he didn't like. Of one in particular he spoke to his foreman.

A REAL SURPRISE.

I WAS talking to my colored man of all work the other day," said James Yates Mellen of Cleveland, "and I asked him if he went to church."

TOO TRUE.

MANY a high-sounding name connects pretty rotten things," said Ralph Corland, the popular New York after-dinner speaker, in an attack on pan-Germanism.

TENDER MEMORIES.

"SHEUT that door!" yelled the rough man. "Where were you raised—in a barn?" The man addressed meekly and silently complied, but the speaker looking at him a moment later observed that he was in tears. Going over to his victim, he apologized. "Oh, come," he said soothingly, "you shouldn't take it to heart because I asked you if you were raised in a barn."

PROBABLY GOT PIE.

"WELL, you give me a crust of bread and a cup of water, mum."

NOT ENOUGH CAPITAL.

FATHER says that he thought he had thought up a great scheme for keeping order in his household. He noticed that his rather obstreperous young son had the quality of thriftiness, and resolved to appeal to it.

HOW THEY DESCRIBE HER.

HER mother—A good girl. Her father—An angel child. Her youngest brother—A stuck-up thing. Her oldest brother—A cute kid, but selfish. The minister's wife—That very pretty girl. The woman next door—That insipid blonde. Her employer—A gum chewer. The young man bookkeeper at the office—Not so bad for looks, but nobody home. The office boy—Poor, I guess. Her beaux: Jack—A bear. Tom—A cheater. Ned—Some dancer. Dick—The sweetest girl in the world.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Some of the Day's Good Stories

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